

Mott The Hoople

"Lost In The Ozone"

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I am a drifter on a hungry empty sea
There is no one on earth to rescue me
The winter storms they freeze me
Summer burned alive
I can't remember when another soul passed by

Marooned and stranded, on the Islands of the Damned
There is no one on earth to take my hand
There is no voice to speak, no soul for company
The sun goes down like blood into the Western Sea

Alone and dying, and a thousand miles from home
I know I never was so broken and alone,
I searched the sky for God, shivered to the bone
Drowned in sorrow, Lost in the Ozone

No hand for me, abandon me
Wash over me, watch over me, drowned forever
Alone and crying, and a thousand miles astray
Alone upon the cruel sea, forsworn and cast away
I turned my face to God, but his face was turned away

Lost in the Ozone, nothing left to say
Lost in the Ozone, nothing left to say
Nothing left to say, nothing left to say
Wash over me

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